

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayne a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnecke draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-flaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of these that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he dane'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumb?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worfe, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp'ence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue,
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Households Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pittie,
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and JULIET

Actus Primus. Scena

Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales.

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.

Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out

o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:

Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.

I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montagues*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the wea-

kest goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker

Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push

Montagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to

the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when

I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the

Maides, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maides?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maides, or their Maiden-heads,

Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou

had'st bene poore John. Draw thy Toole, here comes of

the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee

Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry: I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list

Samp. Nay, as they dare, I wil bite my Thumb at them,

which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumb, sir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gre. No.*

Samp.

I bite m

Greg.

Abra.

Samp.

Abra.

Gr. Sa

Samp

Abra

Samp

washing

Ben.

what y

Tyb.

Hindes?

Ben.

Or man

Tyb.

As I ha

Haue at

Offi.

Downe

Cap.

Wife.

Cap.

And flo

Mou

2. W

Prim

Propha

Will ch

Thar q

With p

On pain

Throw

And he

Three c

By the

Haue t

And m

Cast by

To wi